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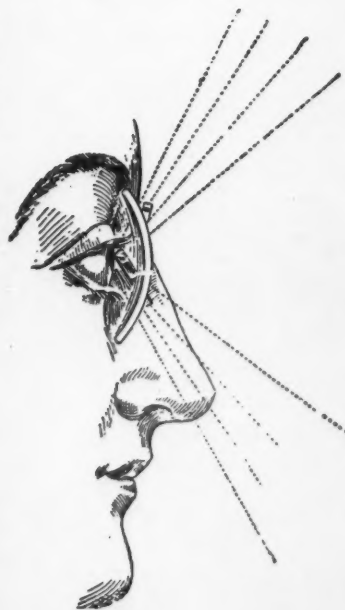
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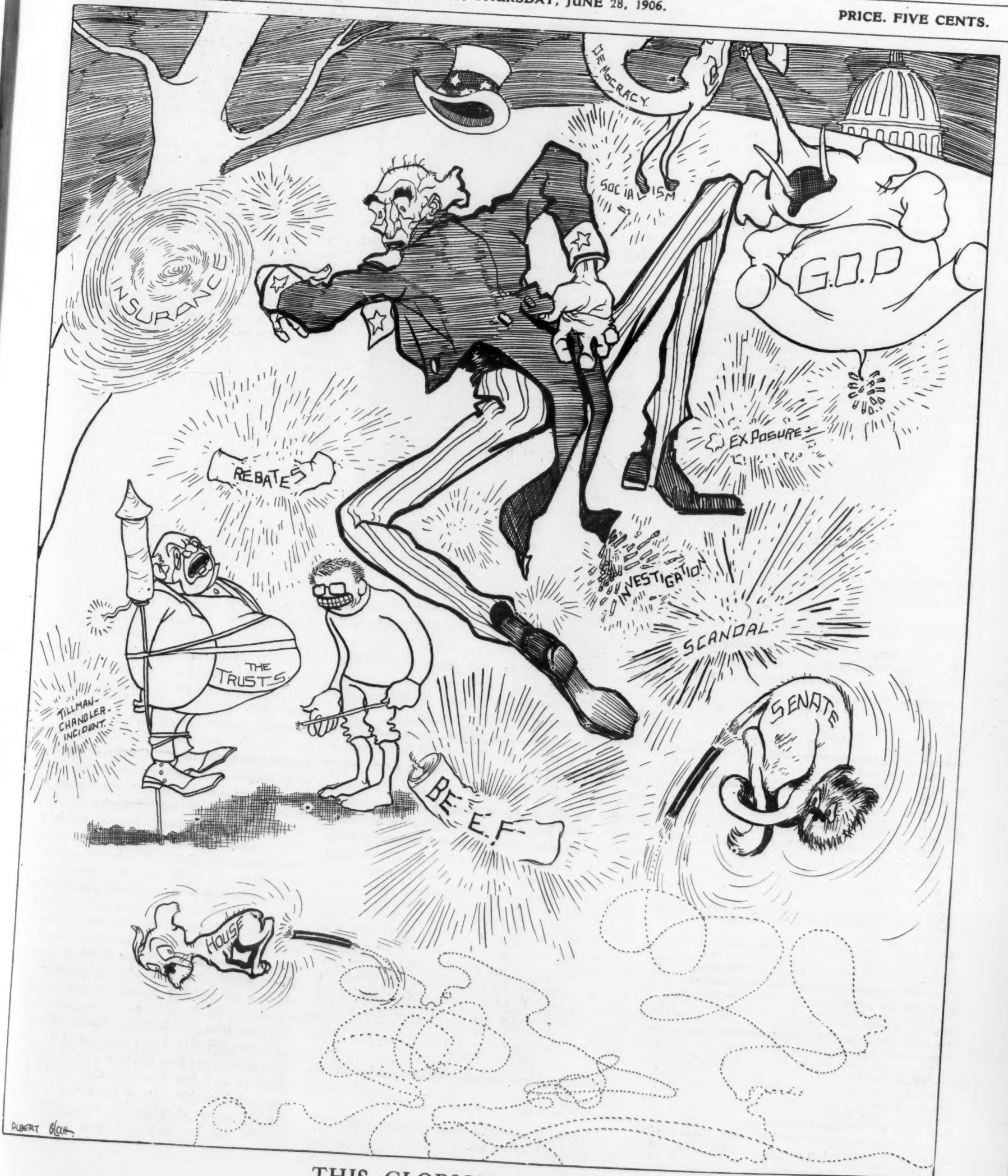


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A Bridge We Won't Have The Big Building Trades Strike

By W. M. R.

By W. M. R.

THE people of St. Louis have decided that they want a free bridge. They will have it. They will not be put off with any subterfuge or excuse or quibble.

They will be offered the present Eads bridge as a trolley, wagon and foot-path bridge, with the tunnel as a sort of trolley subway.

In exchange for this they will be asked to give the Terminal Association a bridge across the river at, probably, the foot of Spruce street, to connect direct with the tracks in Mill Creek Valley.

This proposition will come from the Terminal Commission. It is hinted at in the first report made by that body to the City Council. President McChesney, of the Terminal Association, suggested the same thing in interviews early in the fight.

Singular, isn't it, how the ideas, suggestions, opinions of the Terminal officials are always so congruous and achronistic and at one with the ideas, suggestions and opinions that emanate from the Mayor's Terminal Commission?

The people of this city want a railroad bridge. Furthermore, they want a modern railroad bridge, not a mammoth affair the maintenance of which will eat up the city's money as a small boy devours ice cream.

This city wants to build its own bridge, and not to buy any existing charters for bridges, and it doesn't want to give the Terminal Association any more bridges across the river on such terms as the Terminal Association may desire to make.

The MIRROR believes the people will get what they want—not take what the Terminal Commission will give them. A bridge that will carry the 85 per cent of through tonnage over the river free will not be a paying proposition. A bridge to carry the 15 per cent of tonnage originating or terminating here will hardly pay either.

The MIRROR thinks that three free ferries would be sufficient to carry the 15 per cent of freight that starts or stops here, and to force the bridges to carry such freight free also.

Why should St. Louis build a bridge to facilitate the free passage over the river of that 85 per cent of the tonnage, that now crosses the stream, which neither originates here nor stops here?

But we, the people, have voted the money for a bridge, and a bridge we shall have. But we won't have the Eads bridge for foot, wagon, trolley traffic alone, and we won't give the Terminal Association our new bridge charter with "eminent domain" attachments, in return for the effete Eads affair.

Maybe when the people get their sober, second thought on this arbitrary question, they'll see that the only way to emancipate St. Louis is by means of free ferries, which we could secure charters for, build and have operating in one year, to handle St. Louis freight and let the through freight, the 85 per cent of present bridge tonnage, be taken care of as at present.

CHAUFFEUR hoodlumism must be squelched in this town.

SUPPRESS the tough, drunken chauffeur who sneaks out in his employer's car.

ALTHOUGH we do not hear much about it, there is a big strike on in St. Louis, and building operations all over the city, involving the expenditure of many millions of dollars, are completely at a stand-still. Fifteen thousand working men affiliated with the various trades unions, comprising the St. Louis Building Trades Council, are out of work and are likely to remain so for at least three months. The average wages of these men is \$4 per day, so that there is a loss to themselves alone of at least \$60,000 per day, and the reader can easily figure out for himself what will be the total loss to the laboring men at the end of three months. It necessarily follows that if the laboring man is losing this much money, the smaller tradesman must be suffering in his revenues, and that, in short, the whole town must be affected by this trouble.

The trouble dates back for years. Those familiar with labor politics assert that it is all due to an effort on the part of the Bricklayers' International Union to force into their organization every man in any branch of trade or labor who uses a trowel. In the first place, they desire to bring the stone masons into subjection, and after them, the plasterers, the tile-layers, the cement-workers and the men in several other trades in which the trowel is the typical tool. The reason the stone masons and the other trowel users are disinclined to join with the bricklayers is that the bricklayers outnumber the others by about three to one, and would outvote them on all propositions. This fight to marshal all the trowel-users under one banner while progressing in all parts of the United States, has broken out with particular virulence here.

The Stone Masons' Union, a part of a national organization, is identified with the local Building Trades Council. The Bricklayers' Union is not a member of the Building Trades Council. That the bricklayers do not belong to the central body of the labor union organization is rather remarkable, in view of the fact that when, in 1900, the bricklayers' wages were reduced from 55c to 35c per hour, the Building Trades' Council joined hands with them against their employers and forced the bricklayers' wages up to 65c an hour. Charges of ingratitude are made against the bricklayers on account of their secession from the Council, after the Council had used its influence to make the bricklayers strong.

Just how the bricklayers came to secede is a long story. It seems that the bricklayers' union joined hands with the Master Bricklayers' Association in an endeavor to force into the organization of the bosses a certain contractor who was doing a large job of work in the construction of a Catholic orphan asylum. This contractor, it seems, was, in the opinion of the union men generally, being coerced and persecuted by the Master Builders' Association, which would not admit him to membership, and, therefore, the Building Trades' Council stuck to him as against the bricklayers. The bricklayers then withdrew from the Building Trades' Council, and the bricklayers then began their effort to bring the stone masons into line, and as a part of that scheme, organized an independent Hod Carriers' Union. This precipitated trouble, because there was another Hod Carriers' Union affiliated with the Building Trades' Council. In the conflict, it came to pass that the

Building Trades' Council decided that it would not allow the members of its union to work upon any contract in which the members of the Hod Carriers' Union not affiliated with the Council were employed. The stone masons resented the effort of the bricklayers to bring them into line with their organization, and being opposed as members of the Building Trades' Council to the bricklayers who had severed relations with the Council, also refused to work. The Council naturally decided to side with the union that was affiliated with itself and so, as a result, in this city to-day, 15,000 men are out of employment, because of an internecine war between two working men's unions.

The Bricklayers' Union men will not handle material that is handled by the men of any union in the Building Trades' Council, and members of the unions in affiliation with the Building Trades' Council will not work on any job on which members of the Bricklayers' Union are employed. The Bricklayers' Union, and the Master Bricklayers' Association are on one side. All the other building trades unions are on the other side. The Master Bricklayers' Association is, of course, backed by all other employers of labor. These employers' associations are said to be trying to force the Building Trades' Council to rescind its rule against permitting unions to make contracts not to work for employers not members of certain employers' associations. In other words, the employers' associations want to use the unions to help strengthen the cinch of the associations on the business, and shut out all competition. The Council holds out against allowing the unions to strengthen a trust. The brick manufacturers are with the Master Builders. The Master Builders are secretly in favor of "the open shop." They seem to be getting towards that when they have the Bricklayers' Unions fighting to disrupt the Building Trades' Council. The workingman is destroying himself for the benefit of the bosses—as usual. The bosses watch the fight—preparing to import scab labor. Meanwhile millions of dollars of work is being delayed and innocent people are suffering.

♦♦♦

Wells' Friend McKittrick

By W. M. R.

MR. HUGH MCKITTRICK is a member of Mayor Wells' Terminal Commission to regulate rates across the river at St. Louis upon St. Louis freight. Mr. McKittrick testified in a trial in the Federal Court at Kansas City that he received money in chunks from unknown sources after employing George L. Thomas to secure favors from the railroads.

Thomas was fined \$6,000 and sentenced to four months in the penitentiary.

McKittrick took the money from Thomas and was, therefore, an accomplice.

Judge Smith McPherson, in passing sentence upon Thomas and other rebate agents, according to the dispatches, scored vigorously both the defendants and the merchants for whom the rebates were secured.

"The rebates," said the Court, referring to the specific, detailed admissions of McKittrick among others, "were invariably paid in currency, generally in large bills, and in one instance two bills of \$1,000 each. The money was carried in envelopes, unmarked and not addressed, and delivered. They



OH, I DON'T KNOW!

THE Beef Trust has raised prices of beef, lamb and other meats and meat products, to offset the losses sustained through the recent exposures. These increases have been made gradually during the past two or three weeks to the wholesale trade, until the dealer is now paying from three-fourths to one per cent more per pound than before the agitation began, while the price to the consumer has advanced from 3 to 5 cents per pound.—*News Item.*

were carried by messenger boys, negroes, and in all cases by strangers. And every man connected with paying it, and every man connected with receiving it, and his concern as well, committed a crime, under the Elkins statute of 1903. And they knew it was a crime, because they attempted to conceal it."

After this, can Mayor Wells keep his friend, McKittrick, on the Terminal Commission, McKittrick charged from the bench with crime in the United States District Court in Kansas City, Mo., June 23d, 1906?

A criminal on the Terminal Commission! How lovely!

♦♦♦

STANFORD WHITE, too, was so eminently respectable, with all his lickerish love for "the maiden tribute."

Warning to the Liquor Interests

By W. M. R.

FOR the benefit of the brewers, distillers, saloonkeepers and others, the MIRROR states here, authoritatively, that the outlook for the liquor business in this State is very bad. This is done because many of the persons interested in that business are deluding themselves that there is going to be a cataclysmical turn down of Joseph W. Folk and his lid, all over this State. The fact is, that if the liquor interests get to pushing the liquor issue in the State, they will stir up a sentiment that may precipitate upon the people a series of legislative acts that would amount to practical Prohibition.

An anti-liquor agitation deeper than it is loud, is

going on in Missouri. It is being financed, to some extent, and generally boosted by the funds and friends of Mr. Richard C. Kerens, who was defeated for the United States Senatorship. Mr. Kerens and his friends believe, right or wrong, that he was deprived of the Senatorship through a big brewer's contribution to the Republican campaign fund just before the last Presidential election. They maintain that the contribution was given with the understanding that, if the party won, Mr. Kerens would not be given the toga. This is probably untrue, but that's not the point. Mr. Kerens believes it, and his Republican friends are everywhere secretly fighting brewery domination in Republican politics. They point as corroboration to Mr. Otto Stifel's paramountcy in the party's affairs, or that part of them which is related to the fortunes of Mr. Niedringhaus who secured the contribution, and the caucus nomination for Senator, but was beaten by Mr. Kerens' bolt.

On the other hand, Democrats all over the State proclaim their intention to avenge themselves upon the liquor interests for the big contribution to the Republican campaign fund. For forty years the Democracy had protected the brewers from hostile legislation, and for the brewers to turn upon the Democracy, and give a chunk to carry the State for Roosevelt was an act of base ingratitude. Of course the Democracy forgets that the brewers paid well and stood many a shake-down during all those years for whatever protection they received.

In particular, the followers of Folk are sore on the liquor interests. In the first place, they are, as a rule, of a class not over friendly to breweries, distilleries and saloons. In the second place, they feel that the big gift of money to the Republican campaign fund was as much for the purpose of defeating Folk as for electing Roosevelt.

From counties never anything but "wet" comes news of "dry" sentiment spreading. There is no rural leader of either party who drifts into this city these days that does not shake his head ominously when he is asked about the practicability of an effort to destroy the Folk lid, and to make liberal liquor laws and regulations an issue. "Better let sleeping dogs lie," they say. "It's a bad business to monkey with." Law-enforcement all through the country districts means but one thing—putting the lid on the liquor interests.

What's the cause of this change in sentiment? Here it is. Hundreds of thousands of Missourians came to St. Louis during the World's Fair for the first time. What they saw then of the saloon business and some other industries that were tagged on in the way of brothels, skin-games, etc.; sent them home horrified. Many of them were skinned by the swindlers operating in the county, while the city was closed to such operations in the interest of the syndicate that controlled the graft in the county. This graft, vice and crime syndicate also got some of the Missourians' money on the steamboats that ran excursions on the river at which the passengers were plundered. They saw that the town was tight against the graft only to help the vice monopoly on the river and in the county outside of the city jurisdiction. The master of the police served his masters by suppressing thievery here only to make it flourish over the line.

All these forces and factors are working up among the people a tremendous hostility to the liquor interests. The antagonism is not lessened in the least when the people of the country reflect that the

opposition to Folk in St. Louis is headed by a young man who gains help by impressing the brewers that they must finance him to fight Folk. The old State ring relies for its chief help in its planning to regain control of the party upon what this young man can do with and through the brewers. The word has been passed into the country that this young man will possibly be the gubernatorial candidate of the liquor interests. He himself says he is only laying low until he can come strong, backed by the liquor interests, and "redeem" the State from Folk. This is good "dope," most excellent "dope," in politics in St. Louis, but out in the country it only intensifies the bitterness of feeling against the liquor interests. The more he fights Folk, the more will the liquor interests he claims to represent, suffer. Every boost that his alleged leadership receives means more strength for Prohibition sentiment. It was his liquor-backed opposition to Judge Evans that made the latter win easily in the fight for the chairmanship of the State Democratic Committee.

The editor of the MIRROR does not believe in Prohibition, or in the unpleasant and repressive lid of Gov. Folk. He doesn't believe in destroying the brewery business of the State or in spoiling the harmless pleasures of the people. But the editor of the MIRROR believes, upon the authority of the evidence from almost every county in the State, that the breweries and the other liquor interests are committing suicide by allowing themselves to be dragged into politics. They make a mistake in talking of changing the laws, because if the people get to changing the laws that relate to liquor, they will change them for the worse, to the liquor interests, rather than for the better. The brewers are committing a fatal folly in so far as they fail to protest against the representation that they, too, are back of the St. Louis Democratic leader who leads the hosts of the crap-shooters, the sure thing grafters, the race gamblers, the police who took Ollie Roberts' panel game money, against Joseph W. Folk, and in the interest of the old bribing and boodling State ring.

The brewers had better cease to listen to politicians who want their support. The brewers had better drop the leaders who claim brewer support. If they don't, the politicians will land the brewery business where it was landed in Kansas.

The Cook Libel Verdict

By W. M. R.

SAM COOK has a great character, a wonderful character. The more that is proved against it the more valuable the character becomes. He has "recovered" \$50,000 damages from the *Post-Dispatch* and \$150,000 from the *Globe-Democrat*. Doesn't make any difference what the papers proved against Sam. The juries just listened to it all and "soaked" the papers.

Evidently the papers don't know how to get juries in Missouri against members of the old State ring. They don't have their representatives mix in the county long before the trial. They don't have their friends get around and talk up the case from their standpoint among the people interested in politics. They don't know how to fix it so that men who are strong partisans of themselves can get on the jury. The newspapers don't know, in brief, that the way to get a jury is exactly the way to get a county delegation to a convention, that pluggers should be sent out to talk up the matter beforehand, and tell the common people that the man in whose interest the plugging is done is a good fellow, much persecuted. All

that is needed is a little time and patience and iteration by fellows who know how to talk and to be "good fellows." When the panel is drawn the people on the panel have been, all unconsciously, perhaps, filled with the idea that the only thing they need to remember is that the man who has been praised by the pluggers is a good Democrat, and at the worst, did nothing more than "stand by his friends," or that "he only did what everyone else around him was doing." Besides, the man who is talked for is only a country man, and the opposition is a great, wealthy, city corporation newspaper. What do the evidence, the court's rulings and the eloquence of the lawyers amount to after all that? To absolutely nothing.

Why do the boodlers all want to have their cases transferred to country districts? What has been the result in such boodle cases as have been transferred to the country? Is it altogether accidental that the greatest successes of the defenses of boodlers have been made in the honest rural districts? These be questions hard to answer.

But it is only fair to say that in addition to all the plugging of the rural population prior to such trials there is something else to be taken into consideration as accounting for the bad luck of the newspapers before country juries. The country people regard the newspapers no longer as public institutions, but as private enterprises. They do not recognize the right of a corporation for money making to criticise officials and citizens, when those corporations do not criticise officials, citizens or conditions that are agreeable to the interests of such corporations. The great papers are no longer revered as being operated solely in the interest of the public good. They are known to attack those who injure their private interests. They are known to favor at public expense the schemes of their stockholders. Their utterances with regard to certain things in which they are financially interested can be surely predicted. What right, therefore, have the great newspapers to attack and damn other people for things done or undone? At bottom, this is the cause of the severity of the people in their libel verdicts of late, in Missouri and elsewhere. The liberty of the press is a fake. The press is an institution by means of which certain rich men favor their own schemes, and with which they destroy those who may be in the way of such schemes. Therefore, it doesn't make much difference to Mr. Farmer or Mr. Cityman what the Cooks or Brooks or Snooks may have done; when the papers prove it up on them, the juror doesn't see what right a paper that is itself not above suspicion of working, aiding or abetting graft, has to criticise anyone.

The big incorporated paper whose stockholders are in with all the big "interests," whose attitude to all things is governed and colored by its desire to get advertising and to hold it, whose public policy not less than that of the humblest citizen is apt to be dictated by self-interest and business profit, is no longer "the palladium of our liberties." Its disinterestedness is suspected on every hand. Its right to attack any one for anything is nullified by its inability to demonstrate its own innocence of intent to profit by influencing the people in various matters.

In the cases of Cook against the *Post-Dispatch* and *Globe-Democrat*; in the cases of Meriwether against the *Republic*; in the cases of Annie Oakley against the *Star-Chronicle*—in every case the paper had what twenty-five or less years ago would have been regarded as good and sufficient defense to the suit for libel. Cook especially was shown up in the *Post-Dispatch* trial to undoubted disadvantage. The charges against his office and subordinates were made good. Cook's friends, it seems plain, did good work in the county before the trial. He is a popular man, and his grossest sin might have been excused as for friendship's sake. All this was worked up among the people in Boone County in his behalf. But,

under, around and above it all was the popular sentiment which questioned whether a newspaper corporation that always works for its own interests and never hesitates to steer its course of instructing the public so as to make the public accord with its own interests—whether such a newspaper corporation, any newspaper corporation, is rightly entitled to discuss anyone in any way calculated to injure him in the opinion of his fellow citizens. Why should a newspaper corporation any more than a railroad corporation, a mining corporation, a banking corporation, or any other corporation, put a man on the black list?

The newspaper is no longer believed to be a disinterested moulder of public opinion. It is a moulder of public opinion to suit the purpose of the management of the newspaper to make money. How, then, has it any right to be considered as an institution to chastise or rebuke citizens whose conduct may not accord with the views of its proprietors or managers? The press is in disrepute—even so independent a press as that of the *Post-Dispatch*. The people do not think that the big papers come into court with "clean hands" when they present their claim to privilege as censors of men and instructors in morals.

The Busch Railway Bill

By W. M. R.

THE *Post-Dispatch* advocates postponing the grant of further franchises to the Manufacturers' Railway while the steps are being taken to the building of the new, but, so far, problematical, free bridge. The Manufacturers' Railway has nothing to do with the bridge issue. It provides for terminal facilities on this and the other side of the river, with belt lines, too, on either side of the stream. If it means anything, the Manufacturers' Railway means competition with the present monopoly terminals, and that is what the *Post-Dispatch* wants. By the terms of its ordinance the Manufacturers' Railway cannot sell out to the present Terminal monopoly. What would be the result of postponing the grant to the Manufacturers' Railway of the franchises it asks in the bill that has passed the Council, and has gone to the House? Only to enable the present Terminal monopoly to buy up property and entrench itself against the possible competition of the Manufacturers' Railway, for, be it known that the Manufacturers' scheme was made possible only by the fact that the Iron Mountain line, a member of the Terminal Association, overlooked huge stretches of ground between its tracks and the river. These pieces of ground the Manufacturers' secured to transform into competitive terminals. If the House of Delegates shall take the advice of the *Post-Dispatch* and hold up the so-called Busch bill, the delay will only enable the Terminal Association to devise ways and means to block the Manufacturers' Railway plan for independent terminals. This would prevent the entrance to St. Louis of other railways now seeking admission that is denied them save upon terms and conditions that would make them—among others, the Kansas City Southern—a part and parcel of the terminal monopoly. If these roads can come in over the Busch line they will come in independent and compete with the present Terminal Association, and they will be free to use the free bridge across the river, or even a bridge of their own, whereby to knock out the "arbitrary." Why does the *Post-Dispatch*, which fights the monopoly arbitrary on transpontine freight, advocate the defeat of a measure that promises the competition that will eliminate the arbitrary? The Busch bill is perfectly in line with the free bridge

movement for emancipation from the arbitrary, and from excessive switching charges on both sides of the river. The Busch bill should be passed for every reason that is urged in behalf of the free bridge. The Busch bill should be passed to provide competition in case the free bridge doesn't materialize, for one reason or another. The Busch bill provides just what the town clamors for—more terminal facilities, an independent transportation of freight across the river, belt lines independent of monopoly. If there is any justice, reason or fairness in the whole free bridge propaganda, then the Busch Manufacturers' Railway bill should be passed at the earliest possible date. But says some one: "The Buschs may combine with the Terminal monopoly and strengthen it." Yes; they may. But St. Louis knows the Buschs and respects and in a measure, has affection for them as first-class citizens. Is it conceivable that the Buschs, after all the years they have put in building up by their conduct the affectionate good opinion St. Louis has for them, would sell it out for a few paltry millions, when they have so many millions now they are chiefly concerned how to invest them. The public should own all such franchises as the Buschs ask for, but if the Assembly will not insist upon that, why, we prefer that people like the Buschs should have franchises rather than that they should go to outside monopolists.

The Deserted School House

By Ernest McGaffey

THE school-house waits beside the road,
But closed are all its crumbling shutters,
And in its yard, by breezes sowed,
The thistle and the rag-weed flutters.

And high above the black-board gray,
Within convenient musty niches,
Is hidden from the light of day
A bunch of ancient birchen switches.

A spider spins his fragile web
Across the grimy window-glasses,
While day by day the slow weeks ebb,
And week by week the dull year passes.

Where now are those who gathered once
To taste the fruit of knowledge brought them?
Where now the scholar and the dunce
And where the red-lipped maid who taught them?

Why as they lived, be sure they died,
Whatever else Time's passing gave them,
Forgotten by all else beside
Unless, indeed, my song shall save them.

The mice along the rafters squeak,
Or gnaw the leaves of some old primer,
And loose-hung clap-boards rasp and creak,
While fades the twilight dim and dimmer.

And so it stands from year to year
Deserted, reminiscent mostly;
And, what with all that lingers near,
Sadder than death, and quite as ghostly.

CONSTANT READER: No, Tobias Smollet's tale, "Adventures of An Atom," was not a prophetic prevision of the career of the hollow Rolla, the fice Mayor of St. Louis.

Kindly Caricatures

[62] James H. McTague

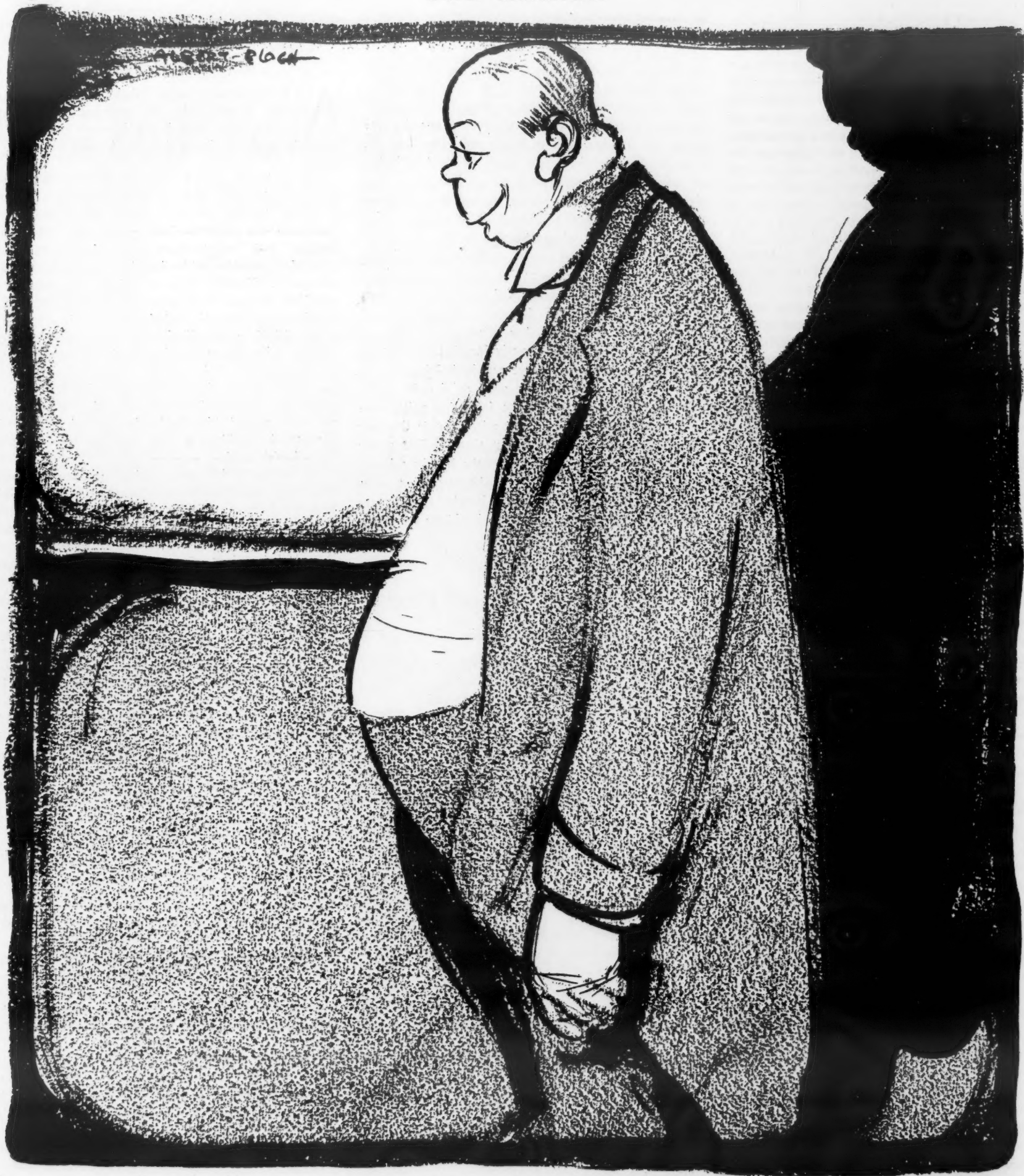
AS to the picture and its title to the characterization, "kindly," Jim McTague and Caricaturist Bloch must fight it out between them. If I were Jim I should insist that Bloch can't even draw beer.

For while the pose is that of "Mac" as he stops by your table and drops a merry greeting incident to seeing that the service is right, the portraiture—God save the mark!—misses utterly the chief impression of the restaurateur's personality which is of a certain suggestion of benign, just verging on jovial episcopacy. He looks like a bishop, and, when arrayed in, among other garments, a pink shirt, and glowing fresh from the rub-down after his daily bout at hand-ball, a Cardinal. He has the true dry unctious, with, too, something of the imperious manner we note in a ship captain. Supervising the feeding of five or six thousand people daily, it is appropriate that he should appear well fed. "Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat." And McTague's photograph would be a most excellent advertisement for a health food.

If whoso makes two blades of grass to grow where one grew before be a benefactor of his kind, how much more of a benefactor is he who invents and discovers and delivers to us new pleasures gustatory. It was McTague who introduced to St. Louis the pickled walnut, the toasted muffin, chili sauce, the special mutton chop, the century steak, the wiener schnitzel breaded from which the breading doesn't peel off, the grape fruit a la Waldorf, the finnan haddie, the special baked potato with the heart scraped out of the jacket, then stuffed back and browned on top. We had heard of these things before, as rumors from Epicuria, but McTague realized them for us and made of a large element of the population *gourmets* instead of *gourmands*. He is to be classified in history and biography with Lord Sandwich, Brillat Savarin, Delmonico, Joe Rickey, Tony Faust, John Chamberlain of Washington and others who have ministered immortally to our palates and gullets. He is one of the soul-searchers and heart-finders, if the Chinese are right in their saying that the way to find the real man is through his stomach. He has done great deeds in civilizing and refining the cuisine of St. Louis, and in so far as good nature and good feeling depend on good digestion and good digestion depends on good eating, Jim McTague may be regarded as an evangelist of spiritual "sweetness and light."

Like all great men, McTague has his pet delusion. His check system to prevent "knocking down" is to him what his star was to Napoleon. This system is being introduced all over the country, but knocking down is not yet and never will be a "lost art."

When in 1903 the big restaurants were consolidated in the Catering Company or trust, McTague was made general manager. It was fatal. All the other restaurateurs were German. McTague was Irish. There was a race war in the enterprise. The Germans wouldn't work under the green flag, and so McTague, seeing, too, that the trust was a mistake, manoeuvred himself out of the combination with his restaurant and became independent, with the result that he has come to supremacy in the business, while the Catering Company has gone all to the bad until there's nothing left of it but the popularity and prestige of the Faust family, who, if they are wise, will pull out of the trust and realize on their name and fame for their own benefit rather than for a lot of outsiders. It was fine work for McTague to organize the restaurant trust, but it was genius of the highest order to get himself and his business out of it when he saw it was a deadfall. Anybody can



JAMES H. MCTAGUE

Kindly Caricatures No. 62.

get in on a good thing, but it's the devil's own trick getting out.

McTague has made himself a national reputation in his business, and his methods are taken as models by the best establishments in the other big cities of the country. His methods are much, but himself is more. He's a strong character, of an inquisitive mind, an argumentative turn, inclined to stub-

borness, but with a politic streak that eases off his bossiness. In the handling of his patrons he is just friendly enough not to be offish and just reserved enough not to be familiar. He swings and sways a big business without ever appearing to get excited about it, for he has learned to put the check-rein on himself in knocking about the world from London to San Francisco and New York to Valparaiso.

In such wanderyears he studied gastronomy and, occasionally, through the medium of a little hunger, so that he is a cosmopolite connoisseur of grub all the way from mere goodness to elaborated elegance.

All of which is to say that he has deserved better than Bloch has done to him in the accompanying caricature, which must have been drawn after a period of internal conflict between a welsh rabbit and a baked ice cream.

Reflections

Cumulative Evidence Against Bucket Shops

MR. MERRELL TEAGUE, in the current issue of *Everybody's Magazine*, continuing his interesting and shocking exposure of the country-wide swindle known as the bucket shop, touches surely on the methods of the gang that operates in St. Louis on the quotations of a bogus stock exchange in Kansas City. Mr. Teague's article calls attention particularly to certain forms of "welching" and repudiation practiced in deals by the Cella Commission Company with its branches all over the Western States. Mr. Teague has the "dope" on this crowd just as the said dope has been described in the columns of the MIRROR. St. Louisans should read the bucket-shop articles in *Everybody's*, and see just exactly the character of the robbery they describe. Then they will wonder even more than in the past what became of the great crusade against the bucket-shops in which the authorities were enlisted some months ago. They will wonder likewise, that the exposure of the bucket shop game in St. Louis by the most prominent and influential evening paper was so suddenly "corked up." The enormity of the rake-off in the game uncovered in *Everybody's* may account for some of the cessation of warfare on the bucket-shoppers. Incidental to Mr. Teague's showing up of the swindle, there develops the scandal that the bucket shops bought, or tried to buy, the Massachusetts Legislature, to prevent the passage of a bill to destroy the illegitimate bucket-shop business. A representative named Gethro, who had been expelled from the house because he had, as alleged, offered to buy votes to kill the bill, has, in revenge for his expulsion, told the whole story of the systematic bribery which will result in the indictment of practically the entire Republican majority in the lower house. District Attorney Moran appears to have caught in his net a greater mess of fish even than Folk caught when he started the squealers in the St. Louis Municipal Assembly. Perhaps, now that Boston is on the trail of the bucket-shop broodlers, St. Louis may get busy, for here is located the greatest, strongest, most ramifying bucket-shop monopoly in the United States, with side lines ranging from the drop case game and craps to the racing game and the control of the police and politics. The bucket-shop evil is the biggest thieving game this country has known since the smashing of the Louisiana Lottery. It is steadier and surer, and more apparently legitimate than the great get-rich-quick schemes that "blew" in 1903. It spreads all over the country. Therefore, if the States cannot handle it, the National Government must, as it is certainly a glaring case of interstate commerce in crime. A few more issues of *Everybody's* will enlighten the East on this gigantic graft, even as the MIRROR has enlightened the West. It would be well for the St. Louis authorities to attack the tape octopus here, at its center.

There seems to be a good deal of garbage in the Mayor's chair, and it makes a noise like Ches'ey Island.

A Prediction

We predict that Gov. Folk will make a lead at the Bryan reception that will put him away up "among the paint cards" in the Democratic pack. These Missouri mullets who think they have Folk "faded" were never more mistaken in their lives. He has them licked and ready to feed out of his

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hand, even if that hand hold forth nothing more gustatory than green persimmons. Folk will not be eclipsed at the Bryan home coming. It will only be another opportunity for him, and his enemies will have given it to him by their fool fight against him.

There will soon be no one in Mr. Hearst's party but himself.

Keeps 'Em Moving

MR. MOODY will shortly leave the office of the United States Attorney General. He will be succeeded by Charles J. Bonaparte, a reformer after Roosevelt's own heart. Mr. Bonaparte will be succeeded as Secretary of the Navy by George von L. Meyer, now Ambassador at Berlin. Mr. Meyer will be succeeded in Berlin by Mr. Truman H. Newberry, of Michigan, Assistant Secretary of the Navy. The Roosevelt official family keeps a-moving like the bait in a small boy's can. Mr. Bonaparte in Moody's place means more trouble and very real trouble for the special interests.

GROVER CLEVELAND remains still unstampeded.

The Three Platoon System

THE policemen of this city are organizing to effect the introduction here of the three platoon system. The three platoon system has just been abandoned in New York City as being ineffective and cumbersome, and generally bad for the public service. St. Louis doesn't want a system that New York City rejects as opposed to the interests of the people. If

the police are organizing with something back of the three platoon demand, the people should know it. There's a chance for politics in this sort of organizing, especially when the organizers have before their eyes the fact that the thing for which ostensibly they organize has been cast aside as discredited by the police authorities of the greatest city of the country.

MR. BRYAN doesn't yet recognize himself in his conservative clothes.

MUCH talk of the sanctity of property. Did Christ ever own anything? No.

Socialism

THERE'S a real panic in the East about Socialism. It is absurd. Few people are afraid of Socialism who have no pricking of conscience as to how they got their money. Socialism, in its more reasoned aspects, is only the ultimate logic of both Democracy and Republicanism. It is individualistic solidarity, a thing that won't be so paradoxical twenty years hence as it sounds now. The Trusts are socialistic, municipal ownership is socialistic, department stores are socialistic, insurance is socialistic, the church is socialistic, the Associated Press is socialistic, a club is limitedly socialistic, a sky-scraper office building is socialistic, the tariff is socialistic. All these things tend to Socialism. Where there is so much tendency we may conclude that there will be an ultimate arrival at the point whither the tendency is directed. Socialism in fact, is here, all about us, and some of us don't know it. And ninety-nine men out of one hundred who think they are pulling away from So-

cialism are, in fact, pulling into more absolute phases of it. And the frightened plutocrats are pulling harder that way than any proletaire.

❖❖

Gov. FOLK is "a cold proposition," eh? Just the man to tackle the Ice Trust.

❖❖

REAL estate booms reported from everywhere. Always a precursor of tight money conditions.

❖❖

Henry Georgeism in Frisco

THE effect of earthquake and fire upon San Francisco site values is shown by Washington Dodge, an assessor who appeared before a legislative committee on taxation. In a written statement concerning all property values in San Francisco, he set forth that "last year's assessment roll was about \$525,000,000, the assessments on land amounting to \$304,000,000, on buildings to \$97,800,000, and on personal property to \$123,000,000, and that this year's roll will show a decrease of from \$150,000,000 to \$250,000,000." Continuing, he said that much of the personal property, amounting to \$123,000,000, has been destroyed, that the larger part of the assessment on buildings has been lost through the destruction of many buildings, and that a revaluation of land holdings is imperative. In limited areas he found that land values had been enhanced, but on the whole that they showed some net decrease. "The important fact here," says the *Public*, of Chicago, "is that the improvement and personal property interests, together with the insurance companies, lose nearly everything; whereas the site-owning interests as a whole, lose but little, and some owners actually gain. And yet, instead of taxing these site-owning interests for the public needs, thereby making it easier to get sites for rebuilding, the taxing authorities are squaring themselves to tax improving interests as much *ad valorem* as the site-owning interests. If the rebuilding of San Francisco is an object, this is not a very promising way to go about it." The *Public* commends to San Franciscans a careful reading of the following suggestion from John R. Waters to the *New York Times* of the 11th inst.: "Does not the situation in San Francisco offer an excellent opportunity to make practical application of the Henry George proposition to restrict the assessment for taxation of real estate to so much of its value as inheres in the land only, exempting altogether the buildings and other improvements? Would not this exemption encourage and accelerate the rebuilding of that unfortunate city and be in large part a solution of the difficulties which seem to forbid its rehabilitation? If not, why not?"

❖❖

CROP liars are busy. There's only one sure full crop always. That's the crop of "suckers."

❖❖

THE divorce problem: What God has put asunder let not man keep together.

❖❖

Dave, Clay and Joe

READERS of the MIRROR have been told of the little deal between Senator "Joe" Bailey, "Dave" Francis and H. Clay Pierce of and for the Standard Oil Company, whereby Bailey secured a large "loan" and Pierce wasn't convicted of violating the anti-trust laws of Texas. But to refresh their memories, MIRROR readers should take up this month's *Cosmopolitan* magazine and read about this lovely bunch in David Graham Phillips' "The Treason of the Senate." No wonder Bailey "withdraws" from the candidacy for the Democratic Presidential nomination. This is

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the first time, too, that the spot-light has really fallen on "Dave" Francis. If ever the history of the World's Fair comes up for investigation, there won't be much left of "Dave's" reputation.

❖❖

No bucket-shop Congressmen from St. Louis.

❖❖

HAPPY the man whom no college has discovered and invested with a degree.

❖❖

Possibilities

LA FOLLETTE, of Wisconsin, or Cummins, of Iowa, is the man to pit against the Democratic candidate for President next time. They are likest to Roosevelt. Taft doesn't look as good as he did. Too much Cromwell in the canal business. Cummins, when he wins his fight in Iowa, will probably be more available than La Follette, though the latter, with his leaning towards land nationalization, is pretty attractive to the believers in the gospel of the single tax. Taft won't do, and he will less "do" if the people think Roosevelt is forcing him. The people like Roosevelt. They would make him his own successor, if he willed to be such, but they won't stand for his "naming his successor." Cummins seems to be the comer, with his Iowa idea, unless, of course, the Republicans want to "renig" wholesale on Roosevelt and repudiate all his works.

❖❖

THE President will go to Panama. The dirt, like all things else, will fly before him.

❖❖

Stop This Steal

A COMMITTEE of the St. Louis Real Estate Exchange reported recently that the old Fair Grounds, with the improvements, was worth \$1,000,000. A Councilman introduces a bill authorizing the city to purchase the grounds, as a park, for \$1,767,000. This

would be a clear graft-gift to the race gambling proprietors of the Fair Grounds property of \$767,000. Haven't the racing gambling syndicate skinned us enough with their various sure thing games, without lifting \$767,000 in one lump out of the City Treasury? This steal shouldn't go through—even if the Cella-Adler-Tilles crowd does own and control the organizations of both political parties in St. Louis and their dearest friend, Mr. Hawes, and their ablest attorneys, are the guides, philosophers and friends of the honorable Mayor.

❖❖

SIGNS of a coming colic in Wall street are plentiful. Undigestible securities.

❖❖

THE Nation will pay the President's railroad fare hereafter. Right.

❖❖

The Case of Paul Schupp

PAUL SCHUPP was arrested last Friday during the noon hour in which he was resting from his work in a local shoe factory. He was thrown into the calaboose and kept for twenty hours. Then he was permitted to go. What had he done? Nothing, only work at an honest trade. Was there any charge preferred against him? None. Why was he locked up? Because he was an ex-convict. Has he any recourse against the police for this arrest? None. The arrest was an atrocious assertion of police power. Schupp had paid the penalty for former crime—paid it in full. He owed the State no service. He was not compelled by any law to report to the police his whereabouts and occupation. He was working at a trade. There was not even the suspicion of vagrancy against him. Every possible presumption as to his conduct was in his favor. Yet he was jammed into the holdover, held without charges against him, denied bail and

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ONE I LOVE,
TWO I LOVE,
THREE I LOVE, I SAY,
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I WILL LOVE ALWAY.

outraged in his rights as a man. This sort of thing is infamous—damnable. It is worthy of Russia. And it is not the less fiendish because it can be done by detectives who possibly may be themselves as deserving of stripes for graft as ever was Paul Schupp for his participation in more frank and fair robbery. The police department has been shown to be measurably corrupt in its dealing with thieves willing to divide the proceeds of their thievery. Naturally enough, it is tyrannical, oppressive in dealing with those at its mercy who have no profits of theft to divide.

REPUBLICANS will surely elect one Supreme Judge in Missouri this year—if they nominate John Kennish. No "R. R." brand on him.

Blue Jay's Chatter

My Dear Jenny Wren:

SASSIETY is just awful, almost offal, in fact. Here it is going-away time, and George Tansy's Transfer Company is making barrels of gelt hauling trunks to the station, and the papers are full of the movements of the swells, and Sassiety reads the papers and gossips. "I see Mrs. Delmar is going to Rye Beach, and I note that Mr. Stoxanbonds, who lives across the street, is going there, too, and one would think they'd hide their infatuation from the world, stidda flaunting it that way." Or: "Laws a massy, Mr. McPherson sails on the same boat with Mrs. Lindell; ain't that bold?" To say nothing of the shrugs and sneers over the announcement that the So-and-Sos are going to Paris—Texas, or Venice—Illinois. What would Sassiety be, my Jenny, without its pabulum of slander? But, after all, we can't pass the time debating the relative merits of black or red raspberries.



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A lot of the brides are back from their honeymoons, looking as if they hadn't yet got over the ecstasy. The grooms look sort o' wan. The Claude Matthews—she was Jane Skinker; the Sterling Edmunds—she was Eugenia Howard; the Harold Kauffmans—she was Janet Morton; these have all returned to face the music and the banal jokes of their friends. It's just awful, they tell me, to be a bride just back home, and to have to stand the banter of one's girl friends, over the telephone. The hardest part for the groom is getting home without an oversupply of high balls the first few days he goes down to the office.

✦

There's never been a duller summer season. Nothing doing outside of flirting at the Alps or at the Country Club. There are three or four people who go to the Country Club who aren't wholly *blase* and *ennuye* beyond all possibility of interest in other folks of the opposite sex. (Yes, I wrote "sex" and it's right, for sex is a sect.) There's some flirting, too, at the Glen Echo Club, I'm told, but it's all kept very dark—everybody is so turrubly askeerd of Papa George S. McGrew. The only thing that has really thrilled us has been the tale of the rescue of Harry Turner, the Pope-Toledo potentate, from incineration the other morning. There was a fire under his flat, and he was rescued by four sturdy firemen in his baby-blue pajamas before an admiring multitude. The saddest thing in town, though, is Henry Lackland, pining in separation from the fair German court lady to whom he is to be married in the mellow autumn time, but he's atoned for and antidoted by Charlie Senter, who, with his bland content, is ready to take any girl riding in his buggy. I don't see why a fellow with all his money hasn't a whole park of automobiles. (We say "park" of artillery, don't we? Well, is artillery deadlier than automobiles?) Tom Landrum too, surprises me by sticking to his horse and his side-bar runabout.

✦

Of course we've had the Runyan-Wheeler elopement to Alton, but there's nothing remarkable about that, except the precaution young Runyan took to have his lawyer, Vital Garesche, with him to see that it was all regular. This is an innovation, and a wise one. Sometimes elopements don't culminate in a ceremony, and ugly stories get abroad. If you have your lawyer along you have strong backing, and there's no talking or cutting out of pages of registers of rural hotels. They say Manette Wheeler, now Mrs. Runyan, is very pretty. I don't mean the newspapers. There are no girls who are not pretty—in the newspapers. I don't know either the Runyans or the Wheelers, but then, there are lots of new people, and nice people, I don't know, and their street numbers are all right—they are geographically in the swim anyhow, so I suppose it's all right. The famblies are both identified with Washington avenue, and that's the proper stamp of worth—until you're caught pocketing rebates or something like that.

✦

Excitement has died out over Mrs. Evans showing up a bride herself at the wedding of her son, Archer O'Reilly, to the *chic* Sever girl in Boston, and Sassiety hasn't got over the fact that in marrying Dave Evans the Widow O'Reilly gave up a big slice of about \$700,000 of a fortune. That's doing something for love, these days, I'm a telling you. I wonder how many of our more recent debutantes would give up a part of \$700 to marry anybody, no matter how much he had himself. No use talking, woman isn't real romantic until she's up in the middle forties—thar or thar 'bouts. Just look what Mrs. Yerkes did, though I'm not comparing Dave Evans to that insufferably caddish Wilson Mizner, of whom we had in St. Louis an elegant sufficiency as to general nitness when he was here a few years ago. When elegant and buxom and wealthy widdies don't get romantic and sacrifice

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money for a new hubby these days, you can bet that it's struck-in in another fashion—they go in for Christian Science. That cult has an awful drag on widdies. Why, there's—but no, I'll not drag in religion, even if it is a gloomy Sunday, fit for nothing but cigarettes and cocktails and a novel by Paul de Kock—dear me, Jen, don't mind me at all; I'm only echoing Brother Jack's sentiments.

✦

About the only function that's been worth notice was the golden jubilee of Gov. and Mrs. Stanard, and that was a family affair, though I do hear that Edgar Tilton made a great hit before the three or four generations with a speech made on that occasion illustrating the humorous conception of the son-in-law. Everybody in the Stanard family, even those married into it, can do some stunt—sing or orate or recite or prestidigitate—there's a "lid" word for you—and they all made good at the jubilee. Gov. Stanard is one of our great men. Jane, and we don't know him, because he's so retiring. At least, to me, he's the only St. Louisan who looks like a man of importance, in the old stately daguerreotype fashion. Speaking of statesmen and Republicans more particularly, maybe now that he's gotten into Congress, Harry Coudrey will justify our expectations and—well, it's a shame he *isn't* married to some one. And Tom Harvey is another—doggone him.

✦

If you were a tennis bug this past week you'd

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have had lots of exercise for the insect. Mimi Garesche and Mrs. Erwin Hiltz and Elma Rumsey and Mrs. Charles McClure Clark have been doing wonders at the game I don't understand. I hear them talking about volleying and delivery and all that sort of thing, and it's all very lovely, I suppose, but it makes me think of old days when we used to play croquet at Monticello. Simultaneously a certain set has been dippy and dotty over the golfiac performances of Walter McKittrick and the Stickney boys, and one or two of the Lamberts. Well I'm no sport. A man told me that one night when I was riding home

with him from a ball, and I didn't know whether to be grieved or complimented—at the time. I'm glad I'm not. Sports are bores—when they attain proficiency. I except yachting—that for me. I understand, by the way, that the Tom Crouch's are to have a yacht this summer in the East, just like Mr. Edward Fourflush Goltra and H. Clay—or is it Mud?—Pierce. O me to be a "yatching" maiden, yea, verily, a female Russ Gardner or Commodore Charlie Ochs Lemp—Jane, what am I talking about?

A wedding of some note will be that of Adrienne Lucas, daughter of Bob Lucas, and Duncan Mellier. This is to be a double doubling up of these families, for, you know, it's not so long since Bob Lucas, Jr., Adrienne's brother, married Miss Louise Mellier. Adrienne is of the Lucas type, with a ripe-pear shade of brune tipped with fire, luscious and spirited. This type has in the past, in instances to be remembered, been too—oh, how shall I put it?—well, too typical of itself. There have been matrimonial disasters due to Lucas vivacity and impulsiveness, but somehow no one seemed to be very censorious of the strayed revelers of that family. It is taken as a piquant characteristic of the old French blood. Adrienne though's quite demure—for a Lucas. The family has been in mourning for some time, and the wedding will be private. All of which leads me to wonder what has become of Adele Mellier, who we all thought was to have been married long ago to that beastly rich young Burnes, of the St. Joseph family of Burnes. One does lose track of people if people don't put themselves out to keep themselves before the public.

I like Sassiety people who will take a hint. Here's the *Republic* prints this morning a leading article in its social column calling upon people who have fine gardens and lawns to utilize them in giving garden fetes with lanterns and dainty dryads in organdie and all that sort of *al fresco* stuff, and plump upon it appear the cards of the George William Fryhofers for a lawn fete next week in honor of a certain attractive Miss Ethel Agnes Smith, of Kansas City. That's the way to respond to the press and fill a long felt want. Seems to me those 'ere Fryhofer's are determined to do and be some diddies in this burg. They seem to know how, and as I've written you before, they seem to have the necessary money and the not always so necessary taste to make themselves felt, even it some of the people in "The Creoles of St. Louis" sniff at them as "new."

Last week I rather defended the preacher you referred to because of his amatory propensities as to young ladies—that's rather tautological and redundant isn't it?—but there are worse preachers than he can be. We have one now who is going to sue his wife for divorce—Rev. Earl Hewson of Reber place—wherever that is—Congregational church. (Enclosed find clipping.) A preacher in the divorce court is a novelty, though I imagine we shall never fully realize what hell it must be for a woman to be married to a prig preacher who can't withstand the blandishments of the gushing women of his congregation, and gets to thinking he's too good for his wife. Me for the celibacy of the clergy.

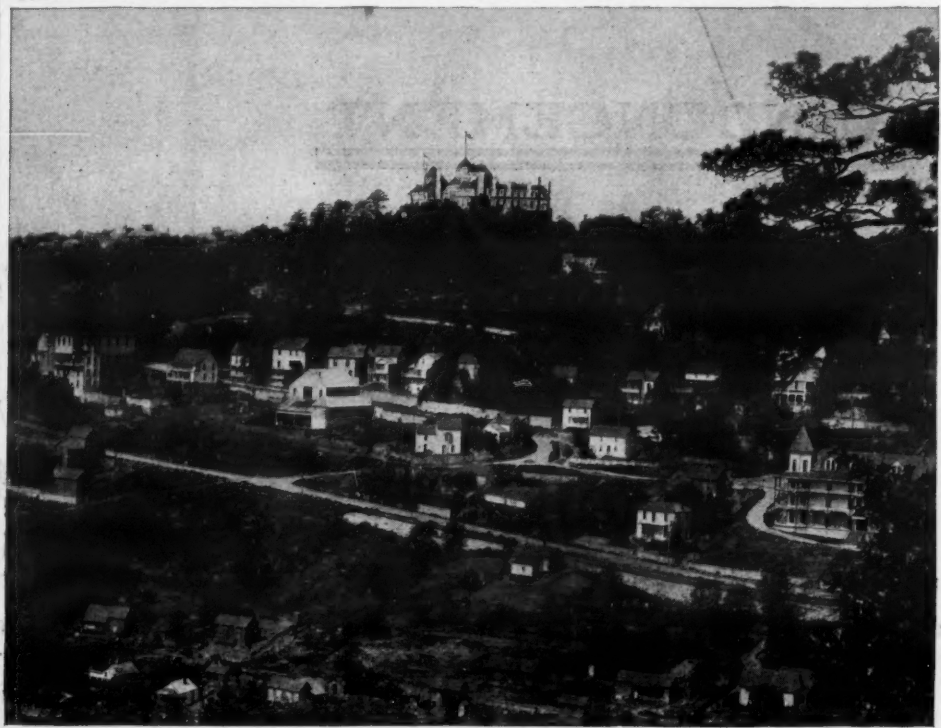
Do you know, Jen, that the McKittricks claim descent from King Alfred the Great? Fact, I assure you. Hugh McKittrick said several years ago that when you get down to brass tacks, there are not six families in St. Louis, besides the McKittricks and the McKittrick Joneses, that are entitled to rank as aristocrats. As the McKittricks are Irish, they might be descended from Brian Boru, but just how you can get an Irish descent from Alfred the Great beats me. Of course, his royal blood accounts for the affinity between him and Rolla Wells, who de-

scends from a 'bus driver, and there's nothing more royal than a bus driver. It comes natural, therefore, for Rolla to despise the common people. The first Hugh McKittrick came from Ireland, and drifted out here and into the store of Crow, Hargadine & Co. Mr. Hargadine took a liking to the quiet and industrious young Irishman, and a few years later, when Mr. Crow desired to give up some of his duties, Mr. Hargadine pushed McKittrick forward, making him the buyer and still later a partner. The business prospered, and Mr. Crow, with increasing wealth, gradually reduced his interest, much of which was acquired, quietly, by Mr. McKittrick until, on Mr. Crow's death, Mr. McKittrick held an interest large enough to dictate the formation of a corporation and make himself president, in spite of Mr. Hargadine's protest. Mr. Hargadine, open-hearted, bluff and unsuspecting, had taken no heed of McKittrick's increasing interest and was dumbfounded when confronted with the ultimatum that the Hargadine son should not be permitted to become a partner, still more so when informed that McKittrick's son Tom should become a partner and officer of the corporation. After a bitter fight Hargadine had to submit, as McKittrick was in position to enforce his demands, and did so. Mr. Hargadine, broken in spirit, withdrew into the

background and, later, passed away. Thenceforth, the McKittricks pushed ahead. Young Tom, little Hugh became vice president and treasurer, and Walter became vice president, Ralph assistant treasurer, and all of them directors. Hugh succeeded Mr. Glasgow, who died and left his interest to his son. This young Glasgow wanted to represent his family interest—he was a grandson of Mr. Hargadine—on the board of directors, but he was fired. None but McKittricks was allowed on guard. Tom went in for high finance in various trust companies and left the dry goods to the others. The McKittrick-Jones are also an Irish importation, I believe. But they all have royal blood in their veins, even if Judge McPherson says those who took rebates are criminals.

Mrs. Max Koehler has reported to the police that a diamond ring valued at \$500 was stolen from her dresser last week. She suspected a colored manservant, but requested the police not to arrest that person.

"The most beautiful Girl in St. Louis" as a Sunday paper called her, Violet Scarritt announces her engagement to Jules M. Keller, one of the young "comers" in the car and foundry trust, and her pictures



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justify the celebrity she has been given. She is the daughter of the Charles Hale Scarritts of the more exclusive Cabanne set. Cabanne, you know, is full of sets and considers itself the swell subdivision of the city, and all Cabanneites stick together like glue and they swear by Miss Scarritt out there just as all St. Louis swore forty years ago by Miss Robinson, or thirty years ago by Lily Morrison, or twenty years ago by Cora Baker or Nellie Hazeltine. But, of course, St. Louis is getting too big nowadays to have "a city belle" or "town beauty."

BLUE JAY.

♦♦

The Lady With the Fan

By Anatole France

TCHOUANG-TSEN, who was of the country of Soun, was a man whose wisdom had taught him detachment from all things of this world, and, being a good Chinaman, he did not believe in things eternal.

Now it so happened that one bright morning he was sauntering along the flowery slope of the mountain called Nan-Hoa, and he came to a cemetery, where, according to the usage of the country, the dead sleep under little mounds of earth. When he saw these tombs, which extended as far as the eye could reach, the philosopher began to meditate upon the ultimate destiny of man.

"Alas!" he said, "here is the cross-roads where all paths terminate. When one has once taken his place among the dead he never returns."

It must be admitted that this idea was not very original, but, after all, it sums up the philosophy of Tchouang-Tsen, and that of the Chinese in general. These people know but one life, and that is the one in which you can look upon the sun shining upon the peonies.

As he wandered about among the tombs, lost in thought, he met a young woman who was clothed in mourning; that is to say, she had on a long, white seamless dress of coarse cotton. Seated by a grave, she moved her fan to and fro over the recently up-turned earth.

Curious to know what was her motive in thus fanning a newly made grave, Tchouang-Tsen bowed low and courteously to the young lady and said: "Might I ask, madame, who the person is who lies within this tomb, and why you take so much trouble to fan the earth which has been heaped upon him? I am a philosopher. I am always looking for cause

and effect, and I cannot understand the reason for your strange actions."

The young lady continued to move her fan to and fro. She blushed, bowed her head and murmured some words which the sage could not hear. He asked the question several times, but could get no answer. The young woman seemed to pay no attention to him, and it was as if all the strength of her soul were concentrated in the hand which was moving the fan slowly but incessantly to and fro.

Tchouang-Tsen withdrew regretfully. While he knew that all is vanity in this world, his philosophic mind inclined him to seek out the reasons for human actions and especially reasons for those of women; for this class of humanity inspired him with a deep, malevolent curiosity. He walked slowly away, turning back now and then in spite of himself to watch that fan which never stopped, and looked like the wing of a huge butterfly.

Suddenly there appeared before him an old woman whose presence he had not hitherto remarked, and she made sign to him to follow her. He did so and when they came within the shade of a tomb that was higher than the others, she said to him:

"I heard you ask my mistress a question, which she did not answer. But I will satisfy your curiosity because I am naturally obliging and also in the hope that you will give me enough money to buy from the priest a magic paper which will prolong my life."

Tchouang-Tsen took from his purse a coin and handed it to the old woman, and thereupon she spoke as follows:

"This lady whom you saw by the tomb is Lady Lu, widow of a writer who was called Tao, and who died some fifteen days ago after a long illness and was buried there. They loved each other very tenderly. Although knowing that death was upon him, Tao could not be content to leave her. And the thought that he must forsake her in the very flower of her youth and beauty was insupportable to him. He resigned himself, however, to the inevitable, for he was a man of very loving character, and well he knew that he must bow to the decree of fate. Weeping at the bedside of Tao, whom she had not left a moment during his illness, Lady Lu called the gods to witness that she would not survive him, that she would share his coffin as she had shared his bed."

"But Tao said to her: 'My lady, do not swear that.'"

"At least," she sobbed, "if I must survive you, if I am condemned by the evil spirits to continue to see the light of day after your eyes have closed to it,



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know that I will never consent to become the wife of another, and that I will have but one husband as I have but one soul."

"But Tao said to her: 'My lady, do not swear that.'"

"Oh! My lord Tao, my lord Tao! Permit me at least to swear that I will live at least five years before I marry another."

"But Tao said to her: 'My lady, do not swear that. Swear that you will be faithful to my memory as long as the earth upon my tomb has not dried.'"

"Thereupon Lady Lu swore a solemn oath, and the good Tao closed his eyes forever."

"The sorrow of the widow was beyond words to describe. Her eyes were reddened by tears. She scratched her pink and white cheeks with her sharp little nails. But everything passes away. Her torrent of tears grew smaller and smaller. Three days after the death of Lord Tao she began to take

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notice. She heard that a young disciple of her husband desired to tell her how much he sympathized with her. In common decency she could not refuse to receive him.

She sighed deeply as he came in. This young man was very fashionably dressed and was likewise very good looking. He spoke very little about the late Lord Tao and very much about the lady herself; he confessed that he loved her, and she did not seem to object very much. In the meantime, she passes whole days seated by the tomb of her husband, trying to dry up the earth with her fan."

When the old woman had finished her story the wise Tchouang-Tsen meditated profoundly: "Youth is short; the prick of desire gives wings to young men and young women. After all, it must be acknowledged that Lady Lu is an honest woman who will not break her word."

From "Tales" for July.

GRANTING all, what good has Harry Thaw done his wife?

FOR a real trust buster Judge O'Neill Ryan tops 'em all.

Chemisette

By Charles G. Halpine

O CHEMISETTE! the fairest yet
That e'er hid bosom purer, whiter!
Thou dost not know what envious woe
Thy veiling snow hath given the writer.
So trimly frilled—so plumply filled,
And then the eyes that shine above it!
I burn—I long—nor is it wrong,
(At least in song) dear girl, to love it.

Sweet Chemisette! the coral set
To chain thy folds in gentle duty,
Flings round a glow upon the snow
To heighten so thy blushing beauty:
And ne'er before, on sea or shore,
Did coral feel a softer billow—
Nor could the gold around it rolled,
Though ten times told, deserve the pillow!

O Chemisette! below thee met
A rosy ribbon binds her bodice:

And in her mien is clearly seen
One half the queen, and one the goddess.
Her voice is low—how sweet its flow!
Her upper lip disdains the under:
Her curls are like dark waves that strike
A marble cliff—then rush asunder.

O ripening grace! O radiant face!
When love is love it knows no measure.
Her hands are small, but yet can call
The power of music at their pleasure:
And as they peep from sleeves of deep,
White Brussels lace, "la mode Ramillies,"
Her fingers seem, or else I dream,
Like stamens in the bells of lilies.

As clouds of spring on feathery wing
Obscure the blushing heaven a minute,
So, Chemisette! thy silvery net
Now veils the heaven that glows within it.
Oh, bear me up! I faint, I droop,
My glowing pulses throb and tingle—
Immortal bliss! but grant me this,
In such a Heaven one hour to mingle!

Old Times in St. Louis

BY ERNEST M'GAFFEY.

Not the very old times. Not the days when they recruited expeditions for the far west in St. Louis, when the patois of the voyageur, the terse vernacular of the trapper, and the guttural speech of the aborigine mingled at the trading post. But afterwards. When the town was dead in the shell, so to speak, with L. U. Reavis standing around hotel corridors prophesying about "the Future Great."

You begin to recollect now, don't you? When they were building the Eads bridge, and the little launch Effie C. used to carry workmen out to the piers, and occasionally run out to pick up some workman who had tumbled into the tawny clutch of the "Father of Waters." Always provided that he came to the surface. The river front was lined with steamboats then. Boats for the up-river and the down-river trade, and packets for the Missouri River trade. Those Missouri River packets landed at some places where civilization was not overly advanced. Where the Stone Age, compared to it, was a classic.

The *Great Republic*, the *Robert E. Lee*, the *Golden Eagle*, the *Spread Eagle*, the *War Eagle* (what a flight of eagles), the *James Howard*, the *Belle of Memphis*, the *City of Vicksburg*—what a raft of fancy steamers there were, strung along from Chouteau avenue on the south to Biddle street on the north. And now what? Maybe the wheeze and "chug-chug" of some old ghost of a ferryboat churning over to East St. Louis, a reincarnation of the *E. C. Christy* of bygone days. The levee in those days was dark with Afro-Americans, and the levee front "salooned" from one end to the other, with occasional stores where show-cases stood on the outside, filled with revolvers, knives, slung-shots, "billies," brass knuckles, cards, dice and other "rousters'" delights.

Up from the river the roustabouts and river men of the lower order drifted to "Clabber Alley" and "Castle Thunder's" precinct, where they welcomed the coming guest with a razor and sped him on his departing way with a bullet. Tough? Well, I reckon. "The Dew Drop Inn" and that sort of joints.

Gone "bust" now, that river business maybe. No more strings of darkies with pads on their shoulders hustling over the gang-planks with pork-barrels on their shoulders ready to slide them down the steamers' hold to the warning shout of "larboard watch. I call you," or "starboard watch I call you." And no resonant toots or whistles, no gliding away into the night with upper decks a-gleam with light and the sound of music growing fainter as the smoke-stacks recede from sight. No more "Jim Bludso," or "Natchez-under-the-hill." Just railroads, and freight rebates.

Above Commercial alley the town began to drop the river atmosphere and

polyglot into a vast, unwieldy hodge-podge of architectureless buildings and antiquated streets. A modern skyscraper would have seemed a structural Brobdignag dropped in among such squatty surroundings. What's the use of trying to be consecutive in thinking about it? The old town was essentially a town then. An immense country town. Carondelet was a wilderness, and we used to shoot quail in the corn-fields of North St. Louis. Of course both these localities were settled, but the inhabitants were in a trance. The streets were traversed by "bob-cars," drawn by a fiery, untamed mule. You "boarded" these by snatching a rear handle, and the "draft" of your incoming shot you clear up to the box in front, where you dropped your nickel for the ride. "Change will be furnished by the driver to the amount of \$2.00." Do you recollect that sign?

There was a weird floating population in those days, and some local characters to give a native tang to the outfit. General "Billy" Ryder, with his snaky tresses and ever-ready bowie-knife.

"I'll carve a slice of liver or two
My bloomin' shrub with you."

"Sherm" Thurston, the best rough-and-tumble fighter in the States. "Tom" Allen, ex-pugilist then keeping a saloon. John W. Norton, gentleman and actor, playing *Romeo* to Adelaide Neilson's *Juliet*. Ben DeBar, the world's one *Falstaff*. The Johnsons, Charley and John, great criminal lawyers. "Nick" Bell, John I. Martin, and a Yankee lawyer occupying one room in the Temple Building, and John I. trying his legal wings for very short flights.

Nellie Haseltine, the belle of the town then, and a movement on foot which later depeled, to bring about the Veiled Prophet's carnival. Creve Cœur Lake, untarnished by summer resorters, and its silence not yet rasped by the insolent whizz of the ubiquitous trolley. We shot blue-wing teal and caught black bass there and camped out in almost primeval woods.

W. W. Judy, selling wild pigeons for the shooting matches out on the west side. Good Lord, where are the wild pigeons now? H. Clay Pierce, West, J. P. Card, Eugene Capelle, L. D. Dozier, Hunt Wilson and a lot of others killing tame pigeons from the old "T" plunge traps. R. C. Pate running a keno game. H. Clay Sexton leading his fire-fighters with an ax in his hand, breaking in heavy doors picturesquely. Wasn't there a lot of Henry Clays then? "The mill-boy of the slashes" had about one-fifth of the boy babies in Missouri named after him.

Was it Westcott? No it was a fellow named Wolcott that was running the *Journal of Commerce* then, on Olive street. I worked there as a "kid" reporter. My job was to take off the quotations from the blackboard on the Board of Trade's walls. You ought to have seen that Board of Trade then. The specialty of this paper was

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Stanleys. "On, Stanley, on." First one Stanley and then another. While I was there they had Henry M. Stanley, the explorer, Stanley Huntley, the "spoopendyke" humorist, and Stanley Waterloo, the novelist. Huntley was the most decorative of the trio. When the *Missouri Republican*, or the *St. Louis Republic*—the Knapp paper, anyway—moved into its new building and gave a front page to the glorification of the new quarters. Huntley retaliated next day in the *Journal of Commerce* with a full, front page account of a rat-hole in the corner of his cubby-hole of a room in the *Journal* building.

"Shep" Barclay was edging into politics about that time or shortly after. Got to be Captain of "Company A," Police Reserves. I was in that company. We used to have a target range up in North St. Louis and close to the river banks. Those old Springfield rifles would throw a ball clear across the river. You ought to see the pilots and passengers on the passing boats climb for cover when they went by the range.

Over on Tenth street, between Walnut and Clark avenue, there was a shock-headed blacksmith who used to shoe horses and mules in a little shop on the east side of the street. There was no "spreading chestnut tree" in the vicinity, but the smith as some other of his kind, notably "Bob" Fitzsimmons, had "large and sinewy hands." With these hands he managed to get a firm grip of St. Louis politics for quite awhile. I wonder if he has the dingy leather apron, with the holes burnt in it, as a souvenir of strenuous days? He was a



4th of July

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good blacksmith, a good friend, and a dependable enemy.

We used to play ball in the vacant territory near the Four Courts. The prehistoric cry of "kill de empire" was as familiar then as now. "Poody" Galvin was practicing in side lots as a pitcher and the St. Louis "Browns" were great stuff. "Lip" Pike could throw a base-ball into a pint cup from a distance of 100 yards. That's what they said. Take it or leave it. "Tip" O'Neill was a sure-enough free-handed batter, Joe Blong held down third base, and "Arlie" Latham, had he begun his "kidding" career then? Yes? No?

There wasn't so much sparring then. And no such fine-haired grading down of "gugs" into light weights, heavy weights, welter-weights, troy weights and apothecary weights. Six-round "goes" still to come, and the finer financial rewards also.

In the theaters there were real actors and actresses. Booth, Barrett, John McCullough, Robson and Crane, "Billy" Florence, Frank Mayo, Joe Jefferson in his prime, Mary Anderson, Charlotte Cushman, Maggie Mitchell, Lotta, Clara Morris and others. Chanfrau in "Kit, the Arkansaw Traveller," the elder Sothern in "Lord Dundreary," and once the divine Sarah herself. And St. Louis' own first-class stock companies and her finished actors, Ben DeBar and

J. W. Norton. And the St. Louis fair in October with fat stock, apples, and horse races.

But for the real thrill it was "us boys" to Deagle's to see Sid. C. France in "Marked for Life." That's where you got your money's worth. Charles F. Krone, still in your midst, in the stock "support."

The skating rink was at Nineteenth and Pine then and sometimes we skated on Wood's pond. The last time I saw that pond there was a four-story stone flat on it. What's become of Bodeman's Grove where they used to have the Sunday school picnics?

"Lawz, them old times wuz contrary."

The Sunday school where I went, (mainly because of my infatuation for a demure devotee) is a sewing machine warehouse now. And Eads school, where I got to fractions, is it torn down, or did they make a second-hand store of it? They certainly do hang on to the old landmarks in St. Louis, outside of the original business district.

Grand avenue was the city limits then and a little "jerk-water" narrow-gauge railroad ran out from there into the Florissant Valley. You could shoot jack-snipe inside the city limits out in that direction and to the southwest. Lucas Place was St. Louis' "Nob Hill," and was it the Reverend Snyder who was her pet preacher? Phil Branson

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was the crack tenor, and Phil and his quartette loaded up on orange marmalade one Sunday and went out to fulfill an engagement to sing at a funeral. They found the sorrowing cortege at the grave and manfully butted in and sang "Lead, Kindly Light," "Abide with me," and "Nearer My God, to Thee." They did it beautifully, and then retired to their hack and left the grounds. The next day the man who had hired them and paid in advance, read the riot act to Phil because he had sung for the wrong funeral.

I wonder what's become of the drum corps the Com'que Theatre used to send out in the afternoons. They would turn south on Fourth from Pine and come down past that grand old ruin, the court-house, drumsticks flying and all the windows full of approving spectators. They do tell me some of them went into politics. Hey, Charley?

Well, well. The old times. A man could drivel along this way for days. From dawn until the memory came back of the sunset gun at Jefferson Barracks, and the silvery shattering of the succeeding hush by the faintly far-away notes of the bugle.

The old times *were* good times. If you had youth to back them up with. Youth is the silver lining to the cloud of old age.

"But when youth, the dream, departs, It takes something from our hearts"—and anyway,

"A boy's will is the wind's will, And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

Railroad and sleeping-car ticket, and room and meals for seven days at the Crescent Hotel costs but \$30. Ask the Frisco Ticket Office, 900 Olive street.

The Wife—He told me that if I married him my every wish would be gratified.

The Mother—Well, is it not so?

The Wife—No, I wish I hadn't married him.—*Cleveland Leader*.

FAST SERVICE TO MICHIGAN
Via Illinois Central R. R., daily, beginning June 24th:

Leave St. Louis.....11:45 a. m.,
Arrive Petoskey 6:25 a. m.,
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We-que-ton-sing 7:22 a. m.,
Harbor Spring7:25 a. m.

The Verse Cut Out

St. Louis, Mo., June 24, 1906.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

The MIRROR of May 31st contained a "Letter from the People," in which the writer justly praised the highly commendable decision of Rev. Blaisdell and his congregation of the Holy Communion Church not to move westward, as so many other churches do, but to stay where they are. The good example of this congregation has since induced two more churches to come to the same decision.

To-day the congregation of Rev. John W. Day's Unitarian Church of the Messiah, corner Garrison avenue and Locust street, held its last service in its old building before taking up new quarters in the West End. I do not mention this fact with the intention of blaming in any way the congregation or its pastor. They must know best where their interests lie. But one incident at this closing service struck me as so characteristic that I can not refrain from pointing it out.

As the last hymn to be sung by the congregation, Mr. Day gave out Ralph Waldo Emerson's

"We love the venerable house
Our fathers built to God."

When the minister gave out this hymn he announced that the fourth verse would be omitted. And it was a good thing he did so. For it would have been decidedly funny, if not ludicrous, for a congregation which was moving away from the approaching tenement house district into a more fashionable neighborhood, to sing as parting song at the last service in the old home, as "Recessional" so to say, Emerson's words as contained in that fourth verse:

"From humble tenements around
Came up the pensive train,
And in the church a blessing found
That filled their homes again."

This "pensive train from humble tenements around" may have been all right fifty years ago, in the time of the Unitarian Sage of Concord, but is to-day apparently not up to date.

Respectfully yours,
LUCIFER.

A TRIP TO EUREKA SPRINGS

Railroad and sleeping-car ticket and room and meals for seven days at the Crescent Hotel costs but \$30. Ask the Frisco Ticket Office, 900 Olive street.

Summer Shows

Helen Bertram at the Alps, Singing sweetly, takes all scalps; Thrills us, as we drink the boon beer. With her rendering of "Moon Dear;" Scatters gorgeous beauty roses From Dan Cupid's garden closes, While music's Pelion piles on Ossa Rosenbecker on Banda Rossa. Next week the management will turn up A singsome star in Ila Burnap, Whom, they say, they had to send for Way out west as far as Denver.

✱

"The Girl from Paris," at Delmar, is as frisky as she should be to accord with tradition concerning her. She is Stella Tracey, and that smacks of Dublin, even though she be most *chic* and *pschutt* and what not. Arthur Conrad's *Auguste* is acrobatic.

Pearl Revare is a gloriously cockney slavey with all the pathetico-humorous suggestion of the part. William Herman West is a major and he looms up by reason of his solid old-style acting in a role not *per se* compelling.

Jennie Opie divides honors with Comedian Young in a number of scenes of much vigorous merit. Mr. Young is, apparently, at his best. The Louis Mann part, *Hans Nix*, is done by an actor who is always compared with Mann, and that is a handicap, but he acquits himself of all that he is charged with.

Cecelia Rhoda and Frank Rushworth are satisfyingly melodic without being insufferably prima donnaesque or terrifically tenoric.

Next week "The Mikado," with no improvements on Gilbert and Sullivan. Just the real old immortal funny stuff.

✱

We've all seen "The Climbers" before. Very Clyde Fitch—fashionable and just a little decadent. Amelia Bingham in the roll of *Mrs Sterling*, shows depth, poise, tenderness, grace, sincerity, confusion and real character. This seems the best thing that Miss Bingham does. It has more "human wariuous" in it.

Kate Blanke is no blank in the play. She has a figure and a fine acting intelligence. Perla Landers and Miss Lisle "make good" in copious measure, and Adelyn Wesley's lachrymosity is too damp good for further commendation.

Walter Edwards is the erring husband and he does the suicide act so finely at the end that you're sorry for the scam, when you know you shouldn't be, and Morris McHugh, as a butler sure does McHugh laugh.

Next week the same good company in "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson," a typically "smart" play, in which Miss Bingham displays all her versatility.

Papinta in her performance of Papinta at Forest Park Highlands, is Papinta, that that's all there is to it. Her act is full of the charm of color and the wonder that ever attaches to fire—the little brother Fire of St. Francis.

Patty Brothers acrobatize thrillingly and Bonnie Gaylord is bonnie in "The Girl from Posey County." Carson and

Willard are dialectically Dutch with a Dutchness never surpassed even on the Gravois road.

Then there are the Hungarian Boys' Band and peanuts and photos-while-you-wait and scenic railways and all sorts of distractions that are likewise attractions at the resort of Col. Stuever and Herr Hopkins.

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Postscript

BY F. VON OSTINI.

My Darling:

Do you still recall that wonderful spring moonlight night, while we were at school, when we swore eternal friendship? Above all things we promised each other that if we were to separate we would at least write each other the important incidents in our lives, even down to the smallest details of them, and especially the affairs of the heart.

Well, then, dear Nellie, the great event of my life is about to happen: I am a bride and am to be married the day after to-morrow. How happy I would be if I could put my head on your shoulder, as I did in those blissful school days, and cry for joy. I am so ecstatic that my heart beats with a violence that almost prevents my writing. But now let me tell you the details: To-day my father-in-law presented me with a set of jewels of heavenly beauty—turquoise and diamonds. And you know how light blue contrasts the color of my hair. Ah, Nellie, sweetheart, my heart is ready to burst with happiness! Just think, the day after to-morrow I am to be a wife. Mother has given me a gorgeous bridal dress and Aunt Amelia has added some real Brussels lace. The wedding will be celebrated in the Hotel Bristol, and about fifty people have been invited—among these two generals in uniform! For the wedding breakfast, we are to have eight courses, not counting the aysters. What a pity you cannot come and be one of my bridesmaids.

You should see my trousseau! Papa was really very liberal. I have a party dress of Bordeaux red silk trimmed with black lace, a dove-gray cloth dress tailor-made with steel buttons, a *robe de chambre* made of charming, flowered Liberty silk, a street gown of white velvet—everything is exquisite. In addition, I have been given some silk lingerie—a set of light blue, one cream colored and another black. We are going to live in a ravishingly lovely red villa at the end of the City Park—you know where that is. Oh, Nellie, I am so happy when I think of it all! The salon is furnished in English style, with Louis VI tapestry, mahogany furniture, the pictures hung with silk cords. The dining-room is in Renaissance fashion—but genuinely antique, and not imitation as our friend Bertha Schumacher had it. The bedroom is hung in figured cretonne and the kitchen is simply a dream of a place: the kitchen furniture is blue and white, decorated with Delft landscape, and all the china is Delft; everything that is possible



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to find in Delft, and when there was no more Delft to be found we took light blue enamel that matched it.

We are going to have a cook, and a chambermaid who can dress my hair. Mamma says that later we are to have another servant, too. Just at present we are not going to keep a carriage, but I don't mind that.

And the day after to-morrow—oh, Nellie, I shall be a wife.

Now I have told you everything about my engagement that can interest you in any way and I must close as mamma is calling me to try on my bridal slippers. Bridal slippers! What a wealth of meaning lies in those words.

In haste I embrace and kiss you,

Ever your happy

MATHILDE.

P. S.—My future husband is named Emil Bimsdorf. He is blond.—From "Tales."

✱✱✱

A Trip to Eureka Springs

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Joseph Chamberlain was the guest of honor at a dinner in an important city. The mayor presided, and when the coffee was being served, the mayor leaned over and touched Mr. Chamberlain, saying: "Shall we let the people enjoy themselves a little longer, or had we better have your speech now?"

✱✱✱

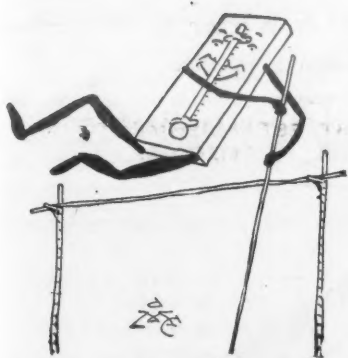
"These Chinamen are all as like as two peas," remarked the visitor to Chinatown. "Yes, or as two queues," added the tender cop.—*Philadelphia Record*.

✱✱✱

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✱✱✱

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When a man's in trouble he walks the floor and looks down. If the floor is bare, soiled and unpainted, he becomes even more downcast. A clean, bright floor, like a beautiful green sward, encourages the mind to look up. Trouble flies when we look up, but it is hard to lift the eyes from cheerless surroundings. One spot on the floor spoils the whole room. Somehow we are always looking down on it. Mound City Floor Paint is the remedy. It brightens, cheers and encourages. It disinfects, renovates and drives away vermin. It makes for health and good humor, and one becomes more hopeful and less easily discouraged. When disposed to look down, paint the floor and look up. Mound City Floor Paint lasts long, and wears well. Easily applied, dries over night. Ten tasteful shades. Color cards free.

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A COURT LADY

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Her hair was tawny with gold, her eyes
with purple were dark,
Her cheeks' pale opal burnt with a red
and restless spark.

Never was lady of Milan nobler in
name and in race;
Never was lady of Italy fairer to see in
the face.

Never was lady on earth more true as
woman and wife,
Larger in judgment and instinct, prouder
in manners and life.

She stood in the early morning, and said
to her maidens "Bring
That silken robe made ready to wear at
the Court of the King.

"Bring me the clasps of diamond, lucid,
clear of the mote,
Clasp me the large at the waist, and
clasp me the small at the throat.

"Diamonds to fasten the hair, and dia-
monds to fasten the sleeves,
Laces to drop from their rays, like a
powder of snow from the eaves."

Gorgeous she entered the sunlight which
gathered her up in a flame,
While, straight in her open carriage, she
to the hospital came.

In she went at the door, and gazing
from end to end,
"Many and low are the pallets, but each
is the place of a friend."

Up she passed through the wards, and
stood at a young man's bed;
Bloody the band on his brow, and livid
the droop of his head.

"Art thou a Lombard, my brother?
Happy art thou," she cried,
And smiled like Italy on him; he
dreamed in her face and died.

Pale with his passing soul, she went on
still to a second;
He was a grave, hard man, whose years
by dungeons were reckoned.

Wounds in his body were sore, wounds
in his life were sorer,
"Art thou a Romagnole?" Her eyes
drove lightnings before her.

"Austrian and priest had joined to dou-
ble and tighten the cord
Able to bind thee, O strong one,—free
by the stroke of a sword.

"Now be grave for the rest of us, using
the life overcast
To ripen our wine of the present (too
new) in glooms of the past."

Down she stepped to a pallet where lay
a face like a girl's,
Young, and pathetic with dying—a deep
black hole in the curls.

"Art thou from Tuscany, brother? and
seest thou, dreaming in pain,
Thy mother stand in the piazza, search-
ing the list of the slain?"

Kind as a mother herself, she touched
his cheeks with her hands;

"Blessed is she who has borne thee, al-
though she should weep as she stands.

On she passed to a Frenchman, his arm
carried off by a ball;

Kneeling—"O more than my brother!
how shall I thank thee for all?"

"Each of the heroes around us has
fought for his land and line,
But thou has fought for a stranger, in
hate of a wrong not thine.

"Happy are all free people, too strong
to be dispossessed;
But blessed are those among nations who
dare to be strong for the rest."

Ever she passed on her way, and came
to a couch where pined

One with a face from Venetia, white
with a hope out of mind.

Long she stood and gazed, and twice
she tried at the name,
But two great crystal tears were all
that faltered and came.

Only a tear for Venice?—she turned as
in passion and loss,
And stooped to his forehead and kissed
it, as if she were kissing the cross.

Faint with that strain of heart she
moved on then to another,
Stern and strong in his death. "And
dost thou suffer my brother?"

Holding his hands in hers: "Out of the
Piedmont lion

Cometh the sweetness of freedom!
sweetest to live or to die on.

Holding his cold, rough hands,—"Well,
oh well have ye done,

In noble, noble Piedmont, who would
not be noble alone."

Back she fell while she spoke. She
rose to her feet with a spring—

"That was a Piedmontese! and this is
the Court of the King."

Got the Advertising Contract

The Lesan Advertising Company of St. Louis, one of the largest concerns in its line in the West, have secured the contract for placing the entire national advertising of the Knox Hat Company of New York. Several of the largest advertising concerns in New York and other Eastern cities participated in the bidding, but the plan of the Lesan Company met with the full approval of the directors of the Knox Company, and the order fell to them. The Lesan Company has its headquarters in the Kinloch building.

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Leave St. Louis..... 11:45 a. m.
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A Batch of Books

The ancient superstition that woman has no humor is being completely destroyed by the multiplication of books of more or less real fun by women. Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice and Marietta Holley are splendid examples of the falsity of the old belief, but Anne Warner has been even more successful in making the public laugh. She has written three books which have been remarkably successful and now makes her appearance on the book stalls again with another volume which is fully up to the standard of her former work. Once again we have the views, the antics and the peculiarities of our old friend *Susan Clegg*. This time she discusses her neighbors' affairs. *Susan Clegg* is the same delightful, whimsical, philosophical and kindly person as before. Indeed, this last volume, "Susan Clegg and her Neighbors' Affairs," will still more strongly entrench the sharp-tongued *Susan* in the hearts of her countrymen and countrywomen. Indeed, *Miss Clegg* is destined to immortality as a typical, cheerful American "old maid." It is noticeable, by the way, that in this new book, as in the last volume by Marietta

Holley, the authoress siezes upon the automobile as a property in the consideration of which the gayety of nations is much increased. Anne Warner's humor has a certain champagne quality, not usually found in woman's make-up. Her humor, furthermore, laps over into broad and hilarious fun. Moreover, the fun, while pervasive, is only incidental to a very clever delineation of character, and a highly subtle criticism of life. Miss Warner is rather more literary in quality than her rival funny women. Her reputation as a humorist will be enhanced by "Susan Clegg and Her Neighbors' Affairs." (Little, Brown & Co., Boston.)

One of the best estimates of the work and character and philosophy of the giant Balzac, and many have been written about him, is that from the pen of Hippolyte Adolphe Taine, the author of the celebrated "History of English Literature." In this essay, Taine brings to bear all his wonderful mathematical, analytical genius and lays bare the secret of the strength as well as the weakness of the marvelous author of "The Human Comedy." He makes the point that Balzac's specialty, the thing in which he is supreme, is the presentation of monomania. He demonstrates this by an analysis of all the great characters in Balzac's multitudinous books. The essay will be a great help to those who wish to get a full-length view of and a deep insight into the French Shakespeare. Still, many people have read Balzac and formed their own opinion of him, while few know anything more about Taine than that he is the author of the "History of English Literature," before referred to. As a preface to Taine's study of Balzac, Mr. Lorenzo O'Rourke of Brooklyn, has written a critical study of Taine. This study may be said, without flattery, to be fully as interesting as Taine's study of Balzac. It sets before us Taine as quite a remarkable materialistic philosopher, as a supreme representative of the scientific method of criticism. The essay is done in the Taine style and is remarkable for its clarity, its directness, and the searching quality of its analysis. Indeed, it is a production worthy to go with the great study of Balzac. Those who take up this book will have a deeper respect for the Frenchman in his quality of philosopher and a heightened opinion of the solidity of French character, after reading the analysis of Taine on top of Taine's analysis of Balzac than they have ever had before. (Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York.)

In this day of rampant sociology, it is necessary for every one to "have the facts." No one who pretends to take an interest in the various movements for betterment throughout the world should be without "Social Progress," a year book edited by Josiah Strong. It combines somewhat of the merits of the better newspaper almanacs, Mulhall's statistics, Poor's *Manual*, Moody's *Manual* and publications of that kind, though

A New and Modern Home for Werner & Werner on the Northeast Corner of Sixth and Locust Streets.

ST. LOUIS TO HAVE THE FINEST ESTABLISHMENT FOR MEN'S AND BOYS' APPAREL IN AMERICA.



The standard of Locust street as a high-grade shopping street will be further augmented by the addition of the new house of Werner & Werner, which will be on a plan of elegance never before approached.

The building is being constructed to embody the most modern store requirements, and will comply in luxurious appointments and conveniences to the wishes of Werner & Werner, for whom the building is being especially erected by the Hart estate. The exterior of light buff brick and white terra cotta presents the handsomest store building in St. Louis. This chaste style is new in St. Louis but on Fifth avenue, New York, the newer buildings contain this style of elegance in store construction.

The building proper is a foot back of the building line with the show window fronts on the line. By this construction there will be no dividing columns separating any of the 28 windows. To prevent light reflections in these windows a 10-inch space of corrugated glass is provided on top of windows, allowing light to penetrate back of the plate glass fronts.

The construction also provides for a disappearing awning which in no way will mar the elegance of the premises. The show window enclosures will be of handsome inlaid Circassian walnut in art nouveau treatment. The upper panels are art glass by Marx & Jones of St. Louis.

its field is not so restricted. The aim of the book is "to create an exchange of thought and knowledge between the workers and students in all departments of social activity around the world." In the language of the street, it contains the "dope" upon every imaginable subject related to any reform which is advocated by any association for amelioration of social conditions. It is packed full of statistics of all kinds. It is supplied with an excellent bibliography of economics and social subjects, edited by

The first floor will present a magnificent effect by the arrangement of departments and elegance of the fixtures which will be of quarter-sawn oak fined to a deep soft brown tone. There will be separate rooms for the display and sale of fine shirts, waistcoat room and traveling goods room. The convenience and pleasure of making selections of merchandise as provided by the above arrangements will meet with the appreciation of their clients.

This floor will contain the Furnishing Goods and Hat departments and part of the Men's Clothing department.

The second floor will contain the Boys' and Children's Clothing department and complete Boys' and Children's Hats and Furnishing Goods department. Also Men's finest clothing, which will be carried in handsome cabinets.

This floor will also contain the ladies' reception room, retiring rooms and the officers.

The members of the firm of Werner & Werner are J. M. & Benjamin Werner, they having no business connection with the firm of Werner Bros., of which firm they were formerly members. It is their purpose to carry carefully selected medium up to the very finest apparel along exclusive lines, without additional cost and under absolute warrant of perfect satisfaction to their clients. It is planned to open the new store in the month of September for the early autumn business.

W. D. P. Bliss. It contains also a directory of social settlements in the United States. It has a valuable list of addresses of workers in social reform in this country. Many of the subjects are treated in signed articles by authorities on those matters. It is a valuable book of reference, entitled to a place on every business man's desk, alongside of such publications as "Who's Who" and the "Directory of Directors." (The Baker-Taylor Co., New York City.)

The Stock Market

Wall Street values have been crumbling away in the past week. The cliques threw overboard all the stocks the market would absorb without going to pieces. In the high-priced issues, such as Union Pacific common, Amalgamated Copper, St. Paul, Reading, Pennsylvania, Northern Pacific and Great Northern, the outpouring of "long" stock was of such volume as to suggest that all supporting props had been withdrawn. The bears made good use of their opportunity, especially in Interborough-Metropolitan, which "slumped" about sixteen points on reports that the members of the reorganization pool had been told to make good their promises and to take care of their own hides, it having become apparent to the leaders that the public would not absorb the tremendous quantity of stock on tap. At 50, determined efforts were made to prevent further breaks, but the avalanche of common shares could not be resisted very long. At this writing, the stock is exceedingly weak at 38, with many unfortunate holders anxiously awaiting a small upturn to throw additional stock on an already congested market.

The Metropolitan debacle, together with reports that underwriting syndicates have been forced to pocket severe losses in prominent railroad bonds thoroughly chilled the rising speculative ardor of some people who had arrived at the conclusion, about a week ago, that a turn for the better had come when the Baltimore & Ohio increased its dividend rate on the common shares from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 per cent. for six months. Even the announcement of an initial quarterly dividend of $1\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. on American Locomotive common failed to rally the wavering bull cohorts. In the B. & O. instance, it was believed, by cynics, that the directors had been influenced by wishes to enhance the prestige of the Pennsylvania Railroad loan recently placed in Paris. The theory was advanced that similar reasons or influences would eventuate before long in an increased dividend on Norfolk & Western and Chesapeake & Ohio shares. The Pennsylvania Company is a large holder

of the stocks of the three systems mentioned. Of the \$125,000,000 B. & O. common, about one-third is classed among the Cassatt Company's assets. In regard to this, it may be said that the Pennsylvania certainly "needs the money," in view of the enormous expenses the company now has to contend with in connection with extensive improvements under way. In the last five years the system's net earnings have gained $9\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., while dividend payments show a gain of about 65 per cent. The statement of earnings of the B. & O., lately submitted, fully justified the enlarged dividend distribution. The annual surplus showed $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. earned on the common stock. That Pennsylvania influence was a powerful factor in the increase of dividends on Lehigh Valley, Reading common and Norfolk & Western in 1905, cannot be questioned in the least.

Weakness in the copper (metal) market in London provoked heavy liquidation in Amalgamated and Anaconda. Both of these shares registered sensational declines. It is surmised that the determination of the National Administration to proceed against the Standard Oil Company in the courts was another reason for these extensive breaks. Standard Oil stock likewise broke sharply.

Southern foundry iron has broken one dollar a ton, and naturally added impetus to the selling movement in steel shares. In the discussion of this feature of the general situation, John W. Gates "cut considerable ice," just as he did six years ago, when the American Steel & Wire Co., of which John was then the guiding spirit, ordered a drastic cut in the prices of its product and thereby induced a big break in the entire market. Pittsburg oracles still scout all talk of coming depression in iron and steel trade. But they may be deceiving themselves, or, may be, they are heavily "long" of the steel shares and wish to have a chance to stand from under before the real "slump" begins. At any rate, there is enough ground for suspicion to warrant careful traders in keeping close to shore and in trimming sails. United States Steel common has shown marked weakness latterly. There seems to be any amount of this stock for sale on the small rallies.

Over in London, security markets continue extraordinarily dull and heavy, notwithstanding the late reduction in the Bank of England's rate of discount from 4 to $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. It would again appear as though the directors of the great British bank had made a blunder. The world's monetary position certainly did not warrant such a reduction. It will not be long before the rate will again have to be raised. British consols reacted sharply on "gilt-edged" liquidation by large holders. Russian 4s are still dropping. French rentes are depressed and German investment markets unable successfully to absorb the mass of issues offering. Rumors have it that the French government will soon



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float another large loan. The French investor cannot be said to lack opportunity of investment these days. The Russian political turmoil proves an oppressive incubus on all the markets of the world. Enormous losses have already been sustained in Russian bonds.

Time-money continues firm in Wall Street, though call-loan rates remain low. The approaching heavy distribution of interest and dividend-payments has so far failed to encourage investment buying on a large scale. Even the bond market lacks "snap" and animation, United States Steel bonds being especially depressed.

Taken all in all, the situation looks anything but inviting. There are enough frowning uncertainties confronting the speculator to make anything like an attempt at "bulling" stocks seem out of the question for a while. The surplus reserves of the Associated Banks continue abnormally low. With but three exceptions, they are the smallest, for this date, since '93. As the weeks pass by, the belief grows stronger in authoritative circles that the money market will be pretty stiff this coming fall. In the East, they are noting signs of a waning of the real-estate boom.

✦

Local Securities.

The St. Louis market reflects the movements in Wall Street. It is alternately weak and strong, but the tendency, in the past week, was chiefly downward. There was considerable activity at times, particularly in bank and trust company and street railway issues. The former held fairly well, all offerings being absorbed without much of an unfavorable effect on quotations. Price changes in this group, were not important.

Street Railway shares suffered from liquidation, United Railways common dropping as low as 49 bid, with sales below 50. The preferred declined to 80 $\frac{3}{8}$ on small transactions. The 4 per cent bonds are also lower, being 88 $\frac{3}{8}$ bid, 88 $\frac{5}{8}$ asked.

Missouri-Lincoln changed hands at 133 $\frac{3}{4}$. Bank of Commerce is 320 bid, 321 asked. The stock appears neglected and acts as if it would go lower. Title Guaranty, on small sales, has gained a point. It is selling at 76. For State National 191 is asked, with no bids at this writing. Mechanics-American is 320 bid, 325 asked, with no sales for some days. Five shares of Commonwealth Trust sold at 321 per share.

There was little doing in industrial shares. Candy common is dull, at 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ bid, '7 asked. The second preferred found a buyer at 84, and for the first preferred 100 is bid.

The bond market is quiet, with quotations mostly nominal, no sales having occurred for days. Brewing 6s are slightly higher, being 102 bid, 102 $\frac{1}{2}$ asked. Old Lindell Ry. 5s are 103 $\frac{3}{4}$ bid, 103 $\frac{7}{8}$ asked. Alton, Granite & St. Louis Traction 5s are purchaseable about 100. For Laclede Gas 5s 105 $\frac{3}{4}$ is bid, 105 $\frac{3}{4}$ asked. There is some inquiry, brokers say, for the old underlying street railway bonds.

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716 Locust Street

Money rates are steady, the extremes being 5 and 6 per cent. for both time and call loans. Drafts on New York have risen to 35 premium bid, 50 premium asked. Sterling exchange is quoted at \$4.85 $\frac{7}{8}$. Berlin is 94.87, and Paris 5.18 $\frac{1}{2}$.

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Answers to Inquiries.

Speculator, Moberly, Mo.—American Locomotive common sold at 33 in 1905. High was 76 $\frac{1}{4}$. There is \$25,000,000 common outstanding. Same amount preferred. Would not recommend buying except on good decline. An industrial of this class is not too low at 68. Should move in sympathy with rest of the market.

R. W. P.—Tennessee Coal & Iron pays one per cent. quarterly. Much too high. Stock would not be undervalued at 90. Republic Steel common a gamble and not attractive at this time.

✦✦✦

ADVANCE CAR TO MICHIGAN
Via Illinois Central R. R., June 6. Regular daily service on and after June 24. Leave St. Louis at 11:45 a. m.

All For Her

"This somewhat grasping spirit," said Senator Burrows, in the course of a recent argument, "reminds me of a lady who dropped in the other day at a certain bank.

"Going to the paying teller's window, she opened her pocketbook, took out a check, and pushed it under the brass grating.

"Cash this, please?" she said.

"But the paying teller, after one glance at the check, pushed it back to the woman again.

"I can't cash it, madam," he said. "It isn't filled in."

"There is my husband's signature on it," the woman said excitedly.

"Yes, I know," admitted the teller, "but there is no amount."

"Oh, never mind that," said the woman, impatiently. "Give me what there is."

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In the early days of Kansas, Judge Strang was district judge on the bench in Dodge City. Every time he was absent the lawyers of Dodge City would elect an old ex-Confederate colonel, practicing law there, as judge *pro tem*. A stranger drifted into Dodge City and soon noticed that the old "rebel" was always chosen judge *pro tem*. He couldn't understand it. He asked an attorney how it came about. "Oh, we do it because we like to see the old sardine take the oath of allegiance to the United States," said the attorney.

✦✦✦

One feature of A. B. C. BOHEMIAN bottled beer. Purity—by a process originated and patented by us, every bottle is sterilized before it is filled, and pasteurized afterwards. Order from American Brewing Company.

✦✦✦

Banks—Are you crazy, man? Why on earth are you asking for a straw with your high ball?

Tanks—Because I've just promised my wife that I'll never again put a whisky glass to my lips.—*Familie Journal*.—Tales.

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